

Prelude to Summer

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Summary: So long as Toothless and I are together, there's nowhere we can't go, nothing we can't accomplish and I'm every bit as grateful as I should be that I have him in my life as my friend, my partner, and, dare I say it, my lover. It may be wrong in the eyes of the people of Berk, but I can only pity them for not being able to see things as I do. Reposted from AO3.

Prelude to Summer

****Authors Notes:****

So this is a repost of a story/series I already have in progress on AO3. This particular one-shot is basically a prologue to the main story "Summer of Change." So yeah, have some Toothcup. I have absolutely zero confidence in my ability as a writer and would immensely appreciate any comments or criticism you guys could provide!

* * *

><p>Several months have passed since I lost my leg in that battle against that massive dragon, the Red Death. Since that time I've received more than my fair share of looks of pity but I've grown used to them. As for me, I came to think of it as just another bump in the road, no regrets or self-pity. Sure, it took some getting used to, putting it on and taking it off every morning and evening, the occasional maintenance workâ€¦ it's a bit of a hassle, but I don't think of it as a handicap. Not as long as I have Toothless by my side. So long as the two of us are together, there's nowhere we can't go, nothing we can't accomplish and I'm every bit as grateful as I should be that I have him in my life as my friend, my partner, and, dare I say it, my lover. It may be wrong in the eyes of the people of Berk, but I can only pity them for not being able to see things as I do.<p>

Things began the evening before I was scheduled to kill that Nightmare. It was a cool early-summer evening with the sun having long since vanished beneath the horizon to leave the clearing bathed in moonlight. Astrid and I had just parted ways after I promised her that I would somehow set things right between the dragons and the Vikings, but not before she kissed me, a disappointing kiss from a girl who I thought I was supposed to like. For a brief moment afterward I wondered about why I felt nothing, no satisfaction, warmth, or anything; turns out that I had been missing the mark entirely and Toothless was about to show me by just how much that was.

Clearing the awkward display of affection from my head, I turned all my focus to the daunting task that awaited me tomorrow of convincing a horde of Vikings (who aren't exactly the sharpest blades in the bunch) that the past 300 years of strife and turmoil have been nothing but a misunderstanding. So focused was I on this dilemma, I failed to notice Toothless approaching me until his face was barely a few inches from my own, his neck craning down as he stood on his haunches. He wore a look I'd never seen on him before; his narrowed eyes offered hints of resentment but his drooping ears betrayed a certain sadness.

"What's wrong, bud? Worried about me?" I offered him a sympathetic glance to which he only glanced away with a meek growl. Sighing, I brought his head into my chest, stroking lightly behind his neck. "Yeah, I'm worried too. But don't you worry; I'll always be here for you, okay? Always."

Perhaps he recognized the uncertainty in the promise I'd just made.

In a matter of weeks we'd gone from mortal enemies to close friends, maybe even more than that. How I'd earned his trust so quickly I still don't know, but I didn't care. I'd become closer to him than I ever had with anyone else. The moments I spent with him, coming to understand him, learning to fly; I felt no happier anywhere else than I did at his side.

I took my hand and placed it upon the tip of his nose, just as I'd done that day when we'd first earned each other's trust. In the same moment he seemed to perk up, bringing his face right before mine and awkwardly pressed his mouth against my own. Before I was even aware of it I found myself returning the gesture, clumsily maneuvering my lips around a pair far too big for my own. In that moment something seemed to well up inside me, a deluge of fire coursing through every fiber of my being, a feeling so wonderfully warm and intense, only to be overtaken by a bitter chill as the realization of what I had been doing took hold. I pulled away sharply, leaving the poor guy looking dejected and confused. He growled despondently which I only barely heard over the pounding of my heart as I ran away.

Burying my face in my hands I slumped to the ground when I reached the other end of the cove. Oh Odin, what had I just done? I'd just gone and given a big middle finger to conventional sexuality because apparently homosexuality wasn't enough for me. Nope, I had to go and make out with a dragon. Every Viking my age had gone through the whole birds and bees talk of adolescent urges and emotions by this point in their lives but I hell if remembered there ever being any dragons involved. What was even worse was that I found myself wanting

more, needing more. Something began to stir within my loins and it scared me. I felt myself flooded once more with that intense fire as thoughts skittered across my mind of myself being pressed up against the Night Fury, his soft leathery skin pressed tightly against my own bare flesh. By Thor's hammer how much I suddenly craved that feeling! But that was wrong; people just didn't do that!

But then again, Toothless wasn't just some kind of animal, right? There was no doubt he was smart and he could kind of understand what I was saying. Well, sorta. I meanâ€¦ that made it less bad, right? And he was the one who had started it soâ€¦ And so I tried to justify it to myself. It almost makes me laugh to think about how conflicted I'd felt back then, given how different things are now. I don't exactly blame myself for being confused; there was no way I could have really been prepared for what I was feeling then.

I glanced back at Toothless from across the cove, but couldn't see him in the dim moonlight.

He was the closest friend I've ever had and I couldn't allow myself to lose him. And thenâ€¦ looking at what we'd been through together, maybe I actuallyâ€¦ felt something for him. Was that even possible? Could a human and a dragon actually fall in love with each other?

When it came down to it, though, it was my dad of all people who allowed me to shake off my distress. I remembered the words he taught me those many years ago: "A Viking always follows his gut. Trust your instincts." And so I did.

When I finally came to my senses, I found Toothless curled up under his tree, the ebony sheen of his scales melting in to the shadows of the evening; were it not for his gleaming emerald eyes, he would have been completely invisible. Until then, I hadn't even known that dragons were even capable of shedding tears.

"Toothlessâ€¦" I called.

He gave me a truly pathetic look, afraid, ashamed, humiliatedâ€¦ heartbroken.

"You kissed me. For uh, humans, kissing is a gesture of, well, love." The word was heavy on my tongue and came out clumsily. I closed in on the disconsolate dragon. "Did you know that Toothless? D-do you, uh, think of meâ€¦ like that?"

Who am I kidding? He probably just copied what he saw Astrid doing and I freaked out about it like a total jerk. I could barely bring myself to look at him.

To my surprise, Toothless perked his head up, looking apologetic, and chirred wistfully as he nodded. He understood?

He gestured angrily to the ground, growling expressively as if trying desperately to speak. At the end of his gaze I saw what looked like Astrid's whetstone. She must have dropped it when Toothless startled her andâ€¦ wait, was this reallyâ€¦?

"When you saw Astrid kiss me, you wereâ€¦ jealous, weren't you? So that's what upset you earlier. And then, when you tried to kiss me,

you were trying to tell me that you wantedâ€¦ to be with meâ€¦?"

And the pieces all seemed to fall into place.

I sat down at his side and placed my arm around his body, holding him tightly. He seemed to shudder at the contact, no doubt still distraught.

"For a while now," I began my tirade, still only somewhat confident in his ability to understand human speech, "I'd been thinking about who I really am and that includes what I, well, like. It took me until I met you to realize it, really. You helped me realize when I met you that I'm not a dragon killer, not a Viking like my father or the rest of Berk. And then you helped me just now figure out that I'm not really like other guys, not even close; I'mâ€¦. I don't even know how you'd refer to the horrible abomination against nature that I am. I mean, humans don't have relationships with animals; it's wrong! People would think I was sick if they ever found out."

Toothless looked up at me sadly.

"But, you're different; you're far more than an animal. You're a dragon, and incredibly smart andâ€¦ well, the time we've spent together has meant a great deal to me."

And it's not like the people of Berk even thought all that highly of me to begin with.

He perked his head to the side in what I could only make out to be confusion. I took a deep breath; this was the point of no return.

"Basically, what I'm trying to say here is thatâ€¦ well, uh, I wouldn't mind being with youâ€¦" being your mate. You're my best friend, more than that really you're my partner, and I thinkâ€¦ I love you, too." To seal the deal I planted a kiss on the tip of his nose, taking the radiant, beaming expression on his goofy face to mean that he understood enough. To see my friend and partner so wonderfully happy again made my heart flutter.

Taking his head into my arms yet again, I offered my mouth to him, which he all too gladly accepted with an enthusiastic growl. Curiously, I prodded between his lips with my tongue, disappointed that it barely made it past his gums. Toothless, however, took that as an opportunity to respond in kind, forcing his surprisingly long tongue into my mouth, exploring around in there with a mixture of reckless abandon and childlike curiosity. Low growls of pleasure echoed into my mouth, sending shivers through my whole body, involuntary moans of my own occasionally escaping into the mix.

Once more my body was aflame with that passionate conflagration, as though my body had been consumed by dragonflame. Wrapping his foreleg around me, Toothless flipped himself onto his back bringing me up onto his scaly soft underbelly without breaking the seal between our lips. Any trepidation I'd had about loving a dragon vanished as I savored how naturalâ€¦ how right all of this felt. I danced my tongue around his own as my fingers explored every part of his body I could reach. What felt like purring emanated from within him, the savory vibrations passing through his body and into mine.

More than anything sexual was the emotional weight of it all. With his wings he enveloped me, and for the first time in so tragically long I felt safe, warm, and most of all loved.

For so much of my life I've been the village outcast, the boy unfit to become a Viking, a weakling and a klutz. There were certainly other children like me in the village, scrawny and unfit for battle, but they were the children of bakers and farmers, expected to inherit their families' businesses and support the village. I had no such option. As the son of the chieftain, I was expected to inherit the title when I came of age, to lead the people of Berk at home and in battle. What a joke, the kid who could barely swing a sword as chieftain of the Vikings. Until recently with my success in the training ring, more than a few people I'm sure, had hoped that I wouldn't survive to come of age and take my father's position. No doubt my father had harbored his own feelings of disappointment as well. Not to say he didn't love me, but... I've never really had anyone there to support me back there in the village; I've only ever been ostracized as a failure of a Viking. But here, in Toothless's embrace, I finally felt at home, more so than I'd ever had in Berk. More than anything, I wished that this moment could last forever.

I fell asleep that night curled up at his side, held tight by his foreleg and sheltered by his wing. I slept more soundly that evening than I had in a long time, Toothless keeping all my concerns for the day to come at bay. I'd end up having to confront them soon enough anyway.

The following morning I made my way back to the village, placating my father's concern towards my absence last night with some excuse about "getting in the zone" and "special training." As I waited in the training ring for my trial to begin, he was off addressing the village, spouting off about how I'd finally become a Viking and how proud he was of me. Even from a distance I could feel the joy and excitement radiating from his voice, envision the wide grin he could hardly help himself from wearing, and it stung. Though we weren't all that close, it still pained me to have had to lie to him, to know that the first time he'd ever truly been proud of me was only because I'd deceived him. We were still family after all. With his speech drawing to a close and my trial growing closer, I thought back to what might very well have been my last moments with Toothless. I'd promised him that I'd be back for him, that I loved him. How much he understood of what I was to face I didn't know, but he clearly felt the anxiety in my words. He continued to watch me as I left the clearing, wide eyes ripe with concern.

I whispered to myself my parting words to him as I stood before the ring.

"I love you, buddy, and if I don't come back, please be safe."

"Be careful with that dragon." Astrid's words brought me back to the present. It was nice to know that I at least had one other person I could trust in all this.

"It's not the dragon I'm worried about," I responded grimly, watching as my father took his seat on the throne.

"What are you going to do?"

"Put an end to this. I have to try." Turning to face her I continued, the words looming ominously between us, "Astrid, if something goes wrong, just make sure that they don't find Toothless."

"I will."

At least I could find peace knowing that Toothless would be okay, that at least he'd be spared from all this. She spoke again.

"Just promise me it won't go wrong."

"Iâ€"

"It's time, Hiccup. Knock 'em dead."

It was a good thing that Gobber cut me off then before I could make that promise, as it was one that I would have ended up horribly breaking.

There was no turning back now, I told myself. I stepped out into the arena, hundreds of eyes fixed upon me, eager to see what I would do and how I would slay the Nightmare. Honestly, I was more than a little surprised that no one, save for Astrid, had had any concern or suspicion about how I'd been facing any of the other dragons before. It didn't matter; there wouldn't be any tricks here, anyway.

I reached for the shield and dagger from the rack, the weapons quite unfamiliar in my hands. My entire body trembled; there was no way that I could do this. I struggled to stay standing beneath the weight of it all, everything that was resting on my shoulders in that moment. Before last night, this battle had been about putting an end to the violence between humans and dragons, which by itself was already no small feat. But now, I had something else even more important riding on the outcome of this trial as well. Toothless. This was about himâ€ no this was about us, now. I'd finally found someone who I loved and cared for, someone who made me feel loved and cared for. And I'd be damned if I wasn't going to do everything I could to protect him!

I stepped into the center of the ring, speaking with as much confidence as I could muster.

"I'm ready."

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading!

Again, please tell me what I need to improve on!

End
file.